

# MEN OF 27TH, HOME ON LEVIATHAN, GET ROUSING WELCOME

riors, homeward bound from active participation in the most thrilling and exciting period of the war, would be full of talk of it—that their conversation would all be of combat and the whine of shells and the spatter of machine gun bullets against sandbag parapets and the thud of exploding hand grenades. These soldiers of the 27th may be full of talk of war but they don't let it escape.

They did and do talk of the hardships they went through. They damn the climate of Flanders and curse the food they got and tell of sleeping in mud and suffering from thirst. But all these recitals are streaked with bursts of humorous recollection.

The most harrowing account of physical and mental suffering is interrupted by a chuckle and a "Say, don't you remember that guy at—" and then everybody laughs and begins to talk about something that made them laugh in Belgium or Flanders. Anecdotes about anything but fighting are welcomed. In conversation with hundreds of soldiers the writer has not heard one mention having killed a German.

The boys seldom mention their dead, except as a name comes up in conversation. Boys wearing wound stripes never volunteer information as to how or where they were wounded. However, I have often heard stories of the bravery and kindness and helpfulness of Major Plake of the 107th, who was killed in the midst of his men.

## MEN ALL ADMIRE AND RESPECT GEN. O'RYAN.

Gen. O'Ryan is universally admired and respected. The fighting men of the division saw him in the front lines. Some of the boys tell of how he appeared in an advanced machine gun position one morning just before dawn. The gun crew did not hear his approach so intent were they in observing the horizon which was just beginning to show against the dull pink of the sky. One of the soldiers felt a light touch on the shoulder and turned around.

"How are things out here?" asked a man muffled up in an overcoat.

As the sound of the voice the members of the machine gun crew sprang to attention and saluted. The position was under bombardment, although the gun was in a protected

position. The General remained with the outpost for some minutes and then disappeared in the direction of another machine gun to the right. After engagements as the men were going back for re-formation, they always met the General close to the line and it is not unusual to find a doughboy willing to swear that he saw tears in the commander's eyes as the rain soaked, mud plastered remnants of his companies plodded by.

Discipline in the 27th is of a high standard. If there is anything that tends to impair discipline it is approach to New York on the part of a shipload of New York soldiers. They know the war is over and as their homes draw nearer they are less and less inclined to think of army rules and regulations. During the greater part of the voyage the men were allowed to do pretty much as they pleased outside of formations, and the crew of the Leviathan say they never carried a more orderly lot of soldiers.

## DISCIPLINE TIGHTENS AS NEW YORK IS APPROACHED.

But discipline tightened up with a snap on Wednesday. Orders were given to clean up equipment and quarters. Most of the packs were rolled up hours before Ambrose Channel light was in sight. The soldiers were rounded at 4 o'clock this morning—such of them as were asleep—and breakfast was served at 6 o'clock. Daylight saw every open deck space free to doughboys packed with New York youths eagerly gazing to the north and the northeastward for the first glimpse of what represents to them the best part of the U. S. A.

Although the Leviathan wireless operator had already sent more messages from soldiers than has ever been sent before in the history of the ship since she began bringing soldiers home the post office on board was besieged long before the time of opening this morning. Then a petty officer came along and hung up a sign "No more radio messages today." The wireless force declared that they never handled such a collection of long messages from soldiers—and paying in advance for radio messages is not the least expensive pastime in the world.

The pilot boat was sighted at 3.15 and was close to the Leviathan at

8.55 o'clock. As Pilot McLoughlin, President of the New York and New Jersey Pilots' Association, who has handled the Leviathan on every trip she made in and out of New York harbor, climbed aboard he was greeted with a chorus of cheers which would have flattered President Wilson. At 8.55 o'clock the Leviathan was headed into Ambrose Channel, the towers and skeleton frameworks of the ship the cluster at Coney Island and gleamed in the brilliant sunlight off to starboard and the cozy red-dimness at Seagate, clustered like a toy village on a field of blue, brought to all beholders the first real impression of home.

Atlantic Highlands and Sandy Hook came into view over the port bow and through the mist to the southward could be seen ships coming up the coast with flags and signals flying in greeting to the Leviathan and the 27th Division. A destroyer came shooting out of the sight haze and passed swiftly by the Leviathan. On the upper deck could be seen a moving picture operator frantically manipulating his machine. High up in the air an aeroplane was made out moving our way. While the destroyer circled the ship on the surface the aeroplane circled above.

Tramp steamships bound out broke out flags fore and aft. The steamship Panama, bound for Panama and dromed in bunting as for a holiday passed close by, bound out with all her passengers gathered on the upper deck and cheering. On board the Leviathan the suppressed excitement gave way to open joy and as ship after ship was passed, the cheering grew in volume.

## BOYS GET READY TO LEAVE THE BIG SHIP.

Below decks thousands of soldiers had been formed in single file in readiness to march to the upper decks for their first view of their home town. The movement upward began at 9.15 o'clock and in bolterous order the doughboys, without packs or arms moved to the pier assigned them. By the time Quarantine was reached the entire upper part of the Leviathan, outside the cabin housing was so covered with soldiers that she must have looked from shore like a moving brown volcano.

The experiment of allowing the soldiers to go on deck without equipment so that they might see and hear the welcome of New York was made against the advice of the ship's officers. They declared that experience had shown them that soldiers under the circumstances attending this arrival cannot be kept under control. They said that the men would rush from side to side of the ship to hear the latest band, to see the latest boat, or to observe something unusual on the shore. The movement would cause a list and endanger ship and passengers.

"But this," said the army officer who made the suggestion to the ship's officer, "is the Twenty-seventh Division. You will never see the disaster. The men will stay where they are put. It is not only a matter of discipline but it will be a matter of pride with them."

With smiling doubt the permission was given by the navy men. And the Twenty-seventh lived up to the promise of its officer in every detail. In the wildest whirl of the enthusiasm

## 27th Boy's Own Impression of Home-Coming Drawn for Evening World by Artist Van Buren

(Aboard the Leviathan with the 107th Infantry.)



This is the 27th doughboy's impression of his homecoming. It was drawn for The Evening World by Private Raeburn Van Buren, painter of beautiful women, who was aboard the Leviathan with the 107th Infantry. "When we left the old town in August, 1917," Artist Van Buren writes, "we were throwing farewell kisses to old New York. We

came back hugging her, for she was back of us every minute we were over there. We all remember The Evening World's send-off dinner. We went away with that happy after-dinner feeling and the navy brings us back feeling the same. Gee! we are lucky soldiers."

of welcome as the Leviathan passed the Battery and entered into the North River with the skyward, banked with waving white looming up to the right the boys didn't rock the boat.

surged about the gates of the Long Island City railroad station to see the men on their way to Camp Mills. It was a futile hope for most of them—as they had been warned, but they held on to it anyway; and it took the combined efforts of 100 policemen to keep them from overrunning the station, from which all people except travellers were barred.

The patience of the waiting friends and relatives of the 107th Regiment was rewarded by just a glimpse of their boys in khaki. The battalion and a half of this unit was the only troops glimpsed by the public. On their way to entrain for Camp Merritt they were marched close up to the iron grill which shuts in the pier from River Street.

The crowds across the streets saw them and there was a rush for the iron railing. The crowds broke through the police and women and girls stuck their faces between the bars and shouted the names of their beloved boys as they marched by.

The entire contingent of the 107th Infantry, the old 7th, went to Camp Merritt. The rest of the 27th went to Camp Mills. The 54th Infantry Brigade Headquarters and the 108th (old 3d) Regiment and parts of the old 12th and 71st, on the Mauretania, will go to Camp Merritt. The 102d Train Headquarters, also on the Mauretania, will go to Camp Mills.

Among those on the pier was Brig. Gen. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who went to France as the Colonel of the 102d (old 23d) Engineers. He was there to pay his respects to his old commander, Gen. O'Ryan, and to wave a hand of welcome to the boys with whom he fought in France.

Great quantities of cigars, candy and cigarettes were taken down the bay by the welcoming thousands, but no opportunity was given to get them on board until the transport tied up at Hoboken. Then there was a shower from the water to the docks.

EIGHT BOATS GO DOWN BAY TO WELCOME MEN.

Eight boats left the Battery at 8.30 o'clock loaded to the rails with welcoming friends and relatives to greet the homecoming boys on the Leviathan. The welcoming boats went away with their cheering and waving thousands—12,000, at least, it was estimated, with hands playing and the Stars and Stripes flying, pennants and bunting strung all over the vessels.

## GEN. O'RYAN JUST PLAIN "DADDY" TO HIS FAMILY

Happy Mother, Wife and Children Are Among First to Welcome Him Home.

All that is nearest and dearest to Major Gen. John F. O'Ryan greeted him across 200 feet of water to-day when the Patrol slowed up to greet the Leviathan.

His mother, Mrs. Anna O'Ryan; his wife, Mrs. John J. O'Ryan, and his four children—Dorothy, Janet, Helen and Holmes, all were gathered on the bridge of the Patrol. On the forward bridge of the ocean steamer they recognized the General.

"Hello, daddy!" cried young Holmes through a megaphone. "We send our love and we're glad you're home."

"Hello, Holmes!" came back from the Leviathan. The rest of the message was drowned in the tumult of cheers that swept the river.

"Does he look natural?" asked an Evening World reporter of Mrs. O'Ryan, as she ceased for one brief moment in her vigorous waving of a flag and crying her welcome to her husband and to those men who fought with him.

"Indeed, he does," came a quick reply. "He looks fine. 'Oh, I'm so glad, so glad, they're all home safely.'"

The General's mother could not speak. She was too overwhelmed with the wonderful welcome that had been extended to her son. But she smiled her joy, and throughout the half hour the vessels lay close by she waved her white-gloved hand again and again.

The signal officer of the Patrol sent a message of greeting from Mrs. O'Ryan to her husband.

"So glad you are home," the message read, and then with wifely thoughtfulness, was added, "The children are all well."

Gen. O'Ryan answered immediately: "Love to wife, mother and the kiddies." The General's signal officer wig wagged back.

"Oh, I'm sure he saw me and waved to me," cried Janet joyously when the family party was seated in the wireless room for hot coffee and sandwiches. "I waved my arm around and around and he waved his arm around too, so I'm sure he recognized me."

"Of course, he did," agreed the mother.

Young Holmes O'Ryan, named after his mother's family, had a great day. He was glad his daddy was home, and while the shyness of his ten years forbade his talking about it he did comment to this extent:

"Gee, it's fine!"

Miss Janet wanted father home just as quick as he could get there. She hoped all the great plans of the city weren't going to keep him away from the family home at No. 105 West 64th Street a minute longer than was absolutely necessary.

In the O'Ryan party were Miss Anna Wynne O'Ryan and Mrs. Helen McCartney, sisters of the General; Dr. Holmes, a brother of Mrs. O'Ryan, and Mrs. Holmes. The party was escorted by Major W. E. Lane of the advance detachment of the 27th Division, Capt. C. H. Kent, Capt. G. B. Gibbons, Lieut. Theodore A. Crane and Chaplain F. A. Kelly. Chaplain Kelly was

recognized by nearly everybody on board the Patrol.

The Patrol did not get away until about 9 o'clock. Mayor Hylan, seeing the crowd on board, urged some of them to take the fireboat. Deputy Commissioner Robinson, Wasmaker came aboard early. William B. Hearst and Mrs. Hearst were made comfortable in the cabin with Mrs. Hylan. On board were Miss Carel and Miss Martha Debevoise, daughters of Gen. Charles I. Debevoise of the 53d Brigade, who stood with Gen. O'Ryan on the bridge of the Leviathan.

A delegation from the State Assembly headed by President Pro Tem Walters of the Senate and Speaker Sweet of the House were on board. Among the vessels which carried crowds of greeters were the Grand Republic, the New York, the Manhattan, the Queens, the Gowanus, the Gaynor and the Corrections.

A tug came along bearing a great black lettered steamer across its side reading:

WELCOME 27TH DIVISION and SERGT. FRANK CONKLIN.

As the Leviathan passed the O'Ryan party was taken direct to Mrs. O'Ryan's home to await Gen. O'Ryan.

## ITALY WARNED BY U. S. TO STOP FOOD BLOCKADE AGAINST JUGO SLAVS

Much Suffering Has Been Caused and America May Quit Sending Supplies to Italy.

WASHINGTON, March 6.—Italy has been warned by the American Government that unless she puts an end to delays in movements of relief supplies to the newly established Jugoslav and Czech-Slovak states steps will be taken to cut off the flow of American food-stuffs to Italy.

It was stated to-day in an authoritative quarter that the Italian Government had caused intolerable conditions by the blockade she has imposed against the Jugoslav countries, and which operates also against the Czech-Slovak states. The blockade has not been wholly effective because the United States has been able to deliver much food where it was needed.

No reply has yet been made by the Italian Government.

Daniels Commends New York and Brooklyn Men.

WASHINGTON, March 6.—Commendations for heroic actions announced by Secretary Daniels to-day included Chief Boatsteward's Mate Harry Conant of Brooklyn and Henry C. Tice of New York City for prompt and efficient action in the saving of the naval patrol boat Williams after a collision in New York Harbor, Nov. 15, 1918.

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## LOST, FOUND AND REWARDS.

LOST—Brown leather bag, left on train, Grove and Hudson sts., about 10.30, March 5. Liberal reward. Return to 7-5th av., N. Y.

## CANDY PENNY A POUND PROFIT

Trade Mark. SODA 10c

The Price and Quality of Loft Sanitary Ice Cream Soda Remains Unchanged

WHEN we are compelled to choose between changing QUALITY and PRICE, we change the price every time, realizing that our patrons expect LOFT QUALITY STANDARD in both Candy and Soda, and would rather pay an advanced price than to sacrifice Quality. We shall continue serving LOFT Ice Cream Sodas at 10c unless affected by the Government tax.

Special for To-Morrow, Friday, March 7th CHOCOLATE COVERED CROCK PEPPERMINT PATIES—These big toothsome disks of aromatic perfection, composed of richest Swiss Cream flavored with finest Oil of Peppermint and carefully prepared, are our Unexcelled, rich, fragrant, velvety Chocolate. SPECIAL FRIDAY, 25c POUND BOX

Friday and Saturday Extra Special CHOCOLATE COVERED RAISIN AND PEANUT CLUSTERS—Can you picture a more pleasing combination than the choicest, fresh roasted Virginia Peanuts and the finest California Raisins formed into delicious morsels, and covered with our rich Fondant Chocolate. Our regular 10c, 25c, 50c, 100c, 250c, 500c, 1000c. SPECIAL FRIDAY, 39c POUND BOX

MILK CHOCOLATE COVERED FRESH PEANUTS—In this sweet, you enjoy the choicest, finest, natural fresh Hawaiian Peanuts in its fullest state of perfection of golden lusciousness. First cut into pieces, covered with our rich Fondant Chocolate and luxuriously covered with our celebrated Premium Milk Chocolate. SPECIAL FRIDAY, 64c POUND BOX

YE ANCIENT TAPPI—Here we have that good old time, golden Molasses Taffy. The kind that will remind you of the kind Mother and the girls used to make in the home kitchen. This is more delicious than anything else. SPECIAL FRIDAY, 39c POUND BOX

JUMBO SALTED PEANUTS—There is nothing else that good old time, golden Molasses Taffy. The kind that will remind you of the kind Mother and the girls used to make in the home kitchen. This is more delicious than anything else. SPECIAL FRIDAY, 39c POUND BOX

For exact locations see Telephone Directory. The enclosed wallet includes the directory.

## Comes With a Welcome Welcome to Our City Welcome to Our Family Table

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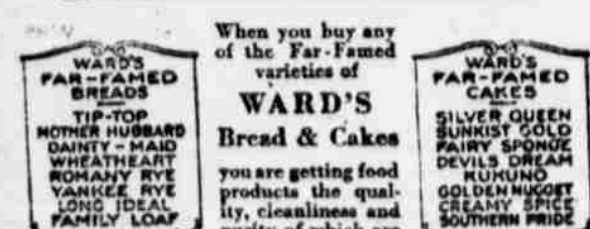
Give yourself and the family a treat. Serve at the next meal this fine tasting loaf made with wheat flour only and without substitutes.

Slices, butters, toasts, cats and keeps well. A new Ward loaf with all that the name stands for in Quality, Purity, Cleanliness and Conservation.

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